

busily gett
analytical

sanguined lie; not in chains and terrors; not in blood, and tears, and gloom; but in the leaping, vivifying, exhilarating impulses of a better birth of the soul. Reader,—are you doing your part in this work?

Nothing in your purse; not an uncommon
 lent after these occasions," said Mark,
 thing.

Friendship is a vase, which, if once flawed, is never again the same: it can never be repaired.

leaving Halifax daily on the arrival of the steamer from Bonaventure, Montreal.

the waves, will tell that you are ap- find
ing the scene of your labors. In a few short
more larger pieces will appear, and trees
afterwards dreary flocks will heave in again

large white bear with its paw on his
inquiring, in its own way, why he
d on his Northern domains? Then,
ou will be told how Jan van der

Poetry.

TO ROSA.

Not in the Grecian Isles,
Not where the long-haired youths of Ithaca shine,
For moved a breathing form whose beauty's smiles
Could match with thine.

Not where the golden glow
Of Italy's clear sky is pure and clear,
Nor where the heaving waves of Lemnos flow,
Thou art thyself the best.

Not where the sunlight falls
On bright Cressida, through the perfumed air,
Nor in old Stamboul's oriental halls,
Dost thou so fair.

No faded form of old,
Nor lark who rose from out the forming sea,
Thou'lt deem more fair than night of earthly mould,
Transcended thou.

In the dark eyes a spell
Of beauty lingers, but their glance of fire,
When the proud spirit is aroused, might quell
The lion's ire.

Thou'lt movest flamingly
As the light cloud that to the zephyr yields,
But with a step-round as a queen's might quell
Our compared fields.

And thou hast that strange gift
Of the soft and glowing and proud and strong,
At whose best thoughts, beautiful and swift,
Around thee throng.

They came to thee from far,
From east and earth and ocean's boundless deep,
To look on thee, and then they fled—thou'lt start—
Thou'lt start—thou'lt start.

Then at thy high command
They stand all marshalled in thy peerless lay,
As some great warrior marshals his proud band
In battle array.

Thy hand has power to trace
Words as enduring as the pyramids' flame,
Which shall forever tell of thy changing race,
Will keep thy name.

Linked with bright song alone,
That name o'er time's wild-heaving waves will
Sweep.

As the water's sweep the blue tone
At midnight deep.

Thy music strains will make
A portion of earth's living music heard
Forever, like the echo of lake
And breeze and bird.

The world of nature glows
In thy bright page more lovely to the eye,
As when, o'er hill and plain, the sunset throws
Its golden dye.

And thou art very dear
To many hearts, thou bright and gifted one,
As when, adored thee, as the Persian seer
Adored the sun.

SUMMER EVE.

Fair summer Eve! sweet as the perfume steam
To parched lips, and Arabion sand,
Calm as the silent ebb of a dream,
Thou'lt wait the life to its native land.

Kind summer Eve! life's hard realities
Are melted by thy softening breath,
The stricken heart forgets its miseries,
The dying dreams not of hopeless death.

Good summer Eve! thy gentle murmuring
Tell me of happy moments, ever fled,
Nor heed the solemn course of Saturn's wing,
But lapse the footstep of the past to tread.

Sweet summer Eve! I've sat and watched thee die,
And one by one the twilight shades
Celestial rays of her gliding eye,
Which loving hand was fondly clasped in mine.

Dear summer Eve! we sat and watched thee die,
From twilight shadows into gloom of night,
Sorrowed how fast the hours were flying,
When love had lost his pinions to thy flight.

Still summer Eve! thou hast laid many a tale;
Fain would I, lingering, hearken yet to thee;
Charm of grief, though other loves may fail,
A welcome thou wilt ever meet me here.

HOLDING VANDERBILT'S HORSE.

A young man from an adjoining State, who
had recently been rescued from a score of
hungry creditors, and who still has a credit
at his banker's of \$100,000, but who, not long
ago, was in reduced circumstances, and
obliged to live in retirement on Staten Island,
makes the following solution of his sudden
acquisition of a competency. The gentleman
—Holt by name—was residing in one of the
fashionable hotels on Staten Island. This
was the reason of his spirits. About two
years ago he had married a very handsome
woman, on whom he fairly doted. At that
time he had \$25,000 in cash. Soon after the
nuptial ceremony, Holt removed to New York,
and became a broker on Wall Street. He
was too honest to succeed there.

The bulls and bears of the stock exchange
financially, and in less than a twelvemonth
he had not a dollar left. Disgusted, he retired
with as good a grace as possible, leaving
his cash to fulfill his mission. With wife and
child he went to the country, and finally, as
before stated, settled down in a hotel on Sta-
ten Island. There was a boy there who would
hold his horse.

"I will do it, sir," said Mr. Holt, and he
did hold the animal during the time consumed
by the elderly gentleman in obtaining his
dinner.

A few days later, the same gentleman, driv-
ing the same horse, stopped at the same hotel,
and, hunted for a boy again to hold his
horse. No boy being present, Holt again
volunteered. He held the horse until the
hostler came to take the animal to the stable,
and then retired into the hotel to dress for
dinner. Mrs. Holt, the wife of the elderly
husband, got herself up very respectably at
least once a day, and that was for the dinner
hour. Usually he had been rather negligent
of his costume, and since his financial
fall had really become sordid.

When Mr. and Mrs. Holt entered the hotel
dining-room that evening, Mrs. Holt was
resplendent. Her husband was at least dressed
in gentlemanly style. At an adjoining table
sat the elderly man whose horse Mr. Holt had
held on two different occasions had the pleasure
of holding. The eyes of the elderly individ-
ual were directed to dinner consideration. In
fact, he stared at Mr. and Mrs. Holt. But he
said nothing at that time. After dinner, how-
ever, he sought out Mr. Holt and bluntly
asked his name.

"Holt, sir, at your service,"
"And who do you think I am?"
"You are old Vanderbilt! I know you,
and the horse I have held is Mountain Boy,
an animal any man might be proud to draw a
ride over."

Instead of taking offense at the epithet
"old," Mr. Vanderbilt—it was the Com-
modore—seemed to like it, and he made some
inquiries about Holt's antecedents, took a
fancy to him, and peremptorily ordered the
young man to make his appearance at his up-
coming office on the ensuing forenoon at pre-
cisely 11 o'clock. Holt promised to obey,
did so, and had an interview of over an hour's
duration with the millionaire. What was
said or said on that occasion no one has ever
been able to learn. But a few days later
Holt made his reappearance in Wall Street
and spraddled around as usual, and in a few
certain line of stocks known to be mostly
controlled by Commodore Vanderbilt. So
well did he work his cards with the instruc-
tion undoubtedly obtained from the Commo-
dore, that in a few weeks he cleared over
\$100,000. Holt was then deposited with a
prominent banking house whose vaults are
protected by burglar proof locks, and who
keep day and night watchmen expressly paid
to see that no unauthorized person tamper
with those safeguards. A few days ago Van-
derbilt sent for Holt, and said to him:
"Young man, I hear you have made some
money. I am glad to learn it. Now just
take my advice a second time. Never put
foot in Wall Street again. You are not suited
for that atmosphere. Shut it up as you would
the devil. You've got enough. Keep what you
have and be contented."

Holt now shuts Wall Street as he would a
pest-hole.

A SAD TALE OF REAL LIFE.

(From the Chicago Times, July 21.)

Society, with its daily bustle of business
and swift, smooth flow of everyday com-
monplaces, carries beneath its bosom romances
of the most startling interest, to which the most
extraordinary conceptions of human nature
furnish only faint analogies. These sharply-
wrought, concentrated acts of human life are
for the most part buried in the obscurity of
individual experience, and it is only occasion-
ally that they are brought to light by some
accident, and thus reach the eye of a long
line, to enlist the sympathies, or shock the
sensibilities, of the reader. In lieu of ability
to sound the depths of that mysterious stream
of thought and action that we call society,
and reveal the wonders that glitter beneath
the surface of its commonplaces, the writer
of the most brilliant and successful of the
modern habit of fabricating extraordinary
novels, and giving them to their credu-
lous readers as bona fide romances of real
life, when the material of stern fact lies
dead and beneath them superabundantly,
only by the power of the pen can they be
discovered it. A petition for divorce
filed within a few days in the Superior Court
of this city, covers a heart history of the
most fascinating attraction to the imagination,
and in giving some of the details of this
striking episode, it will show that they are
most substantially true, and may be re-
garded as drawn from the best authority.

In the year 1859, when this country was heaving
with the impending throes of that revolution
which deluged it with blood, there lived in a
fair and smiling Swiss valley an interesting
family of wealth and culture, named Jundt.
A few miles from the city of Neuchâtel,
where the romantic river Seyon makes its
circuit, with the beautiful lake, stood a
chateau embowered in trees, and possessing
all the attractions that art and nature could
combine to make an abode of pleasure and
happiness in a lovely daughter, who had just
shot up into a superb womanhood, that made
her the most admired belle of that portion of
the canton. The father, a man of stern
seigniorial nature, a descendant of a long
line of noble proprietors, who had exercised
the rights of lordship over all the beautiful
vineyards that bloomed beneath them, though
somewhat fallen from the state of his fore-
fathers, still nourished the feelings of ances-
tral pride, which he had inherited from his
forefathers. In the lovely Leticia, his
daughter, his nature found a free expression
for the deep emotions of fatherly tenderness.
Living in daily communion with the most
sublime and picturesque revelations of na-
ture, the lofty heights of the Jura, that lifted
their flaming peaks into the clouds, and the
wilderness of vines, rich with fruit and
blossoms, the waving grain of the fields,
and the sparkling waters of Lake Neuchâtel, set
like a gem in the hoary hills, the young girl had
grown up, absorbing the influences of nature
in her development, and she stood the finest
specimen of all that nature had done. This
reared in all the tenderest influences of na-
ture and affection, with every grace of cul-
ture and accomplishment that lavish wealth
could lend, what wonder that troops of suitors
frequented the chateau. Many fitted by
family and wealth to aspire to her hand,
vainly offered the tribute of affection. The
father's heart was untouched; and the father's
love and pride in the only son of his house
dictated to his ambition a choice far above
any that had yet met at the feet of his
daughter. But the heart of the girl, which
was addressed from an equal rank, was
wasted in vain, as it rarely does, on what
was beneath it. In some of the merry
makings, peculiar to the wine-bearing dis-
tricts, in which, by the time-honored
requirements of tradition, all ranks meet together
in a common jubilee, she met with a
young man named Gustave Florou, of per-
son handsome and attractive, and by trade a
watchmaker. The abnegation of everything
but social distinction enabled Florou to ap-
proach the lady with a familiarity to which
he would otherwise never have presumed.
The vagaries of capital had thrown the
latter in the natural impressions they made on each
other, in a very remarkable degree. The
lady forgot her rank, her pride, the expecta-
tions which her father had formed for her
future, and fell blithely in love with the
humble watchmaker, who had loved her
from the first. The father, however, not im-
probably, still more strongly attracted by
her fortune, ardently reciprocated. The first
meeting was followed by many others, of
course clandestine in their nature. Her in-
famous flight, united to the innocent inexperience
of girlhood, gave her father a bitter
lesson. He pressed his suit, and he became her
accepted lover. The father still supposed that
his daughter's heart was of virgin freshness,
knowing no love but the pure and lovely af-
fection of a daughter to her father. The day
of awakening came at last, and his wrath
and indignation, kindled by her conduct, and
his love, and his love, can be better imagined
than expressed. The daughter was forbidden,
under the severest threats, again to see
the audacious aspirant, who had thus smitten
the family peace. The conflict between the
father and daughter, which had been going on
for some time, carried the day. The lady's
determination was, perhaps, stimulated by
another condition of the imbrigo which was
not yet mentioned. She was possessed of
a fortune of \$75,000 in her own right,
which made her comparatively independent
of her father's aid. The man, however,
perhaps otherwise influenced her decision.
To condense a long story, she one
night made a moonlight flitting with her de-
voted swain, and ere 12 hours had elapsed,
the twin became one. To avoid the unpleas-
ant circumstances of living in a country
where all the facts were known, and where
she might any time meet her offended father,
the couple determined to come to the land of
freedom, where money is the principal con-
dition of esteem and respect. Nine years
have elapsed, and what a change! The man
was simply a poor watchmaker. The man
whom she gave up all, left a dotting father,
and the splendid prospects to which she
might reasonably look forward, instead of
being the devoted, affectionate husband
which her young love, its ardent imagina-
tions, expected to find, proved, according to
her allegations, to be a brute and a sot. His
lavish expenditure and reckless pursuit of all
kinds of pleasure gradually dissipated the
noble fortune she had brought him. Valuable
silver plate which she had also possessed
was conveyed by him to the press, and
converted into funds wherewith to pump
up his inordinate appetite. The wife's ward-
robe, and private jewels even, were not
sacred to him, but appropriated with brutal
disregard of the feelings of her who had sac-
rificed everything to his pleasures, and who
should have been as the apple of his eye.
One stroke of ill-treatment followed another
in rapid succession, until Mrs. Florou, en-
raged beyond endurance, and fearful of per-
sonal violence to herself and her child, a
lovely little girl of eight years, was forced
to have recourse to the final remedy. And
thus, on yesterday morning, only a day or two
after the anniversary of her marriage, nine
years ago, a petition for divorce was filed
in this city. The magnificent brunette beauty
that still distinguishes her person, despite the
ravages of time, and the anxiety of her latter life
(for she has been obliged to support herself
and child), gives some conception of the sur-
prising loveliness which must have marked
her in her happier life of youth.

"How much money have you?" said a rich
old emigrant to a gay young fellow court-
ing his pretty daughter. "Oh! I haven't
much anything now, but I have a rich
prospect before me. The wedding occurred,
and the old chap learned from his fine son-
in-law that the rich prospect was the pros-
pect of marrying his daughter."

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed,"
said a gentleman to a young college friend,
who was more addicted to boating and crack-
ing than to hard study. "You really ought
to learn to write better." "Ay, ay," return-
ed the young man; "as all very well for
you to tell me that, but if I were a writer, I
should be finding out how I spell."

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THE NEXT APPOINTMENT.

(From the Boston Journal, July 13.)

Loss of Political Power by the New England
States.

The next census of the United States will
solve an interesting problem regarding the
political power of the several states, as upon
the result of the returns the apportionment
of congress for ten years will be made. Thus
far in our history, while no state has declined
in population, the thriving states of the west
have decreased the number of our representa-
tives in congress, and by some persons it is
anticipated that New England will again be
called upon to part with a portion of her po-
litical power. This loss involves a diminution
of the number of her votes in the electoral
college and several minor privileges, such as
appointment of cadets, etc.

The apportionment of members of the house
of representatives has always been a subject
of considerable difficulty, arising mainly from
a difference of opinion regarding the proper
number to constitute that body. The fear
that it would prove unwieldy has actuated
some minds in the past to keep its number as
small as possible, while others argued that
the larger the body the more wisdom there
would be. After the first census was taken a
bill was reported in congress assigning to the
different states the number of representatives.
The decision of the House of Representatives
regarding being paid to influence that popu-
lation. It was proposed to have one hundred
and twenty members. President Washington
returned the bill to the house of representa-
tives, where it originated, with his objections.
He argued that it produced an inequality in
representation, and that the constitution pro-
vided that the number of representatives shall
not exceed one for every 30,000, they had
violated that proviso by giving to eight of the
states more than one for that number. Fisher
Ames voted to pass the bill, notwithstanding
the objection of Washington. The bill failed,
by a vote of yeas twenty-three to nays
thirty-three, and the apportionment was finally
made upon a ratio of one to every 33,000 in-
habitants, which gave a house of one hundred
and six members.

The comparative representation of New
England in the house of representatives, since
1790, is shown by the following table:

State	1790	1800	1810	1820	1830	1840	1850	1860
Massachusetts	14	17	12	12	10	11	10	9
Connecticut	7	6	6	4	4	4	4	3
New Hampshire	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Rhode Island	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Vermont	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Maine	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	26	31	35	31	29	27	27	25

In 1790 there were sixteen states and one
hundred and six members; in 1800, seventeen
states and one hundred and forty-two mem-
bers; in 1810, nineteen states and one hundred
and eighty-three members; in 1820, twenty-two
states and two hundred and thirty-four mem-
bers; in 1830, twenty-six states and two hun-
dred and twenty-three members; in 1840, thirty-
one states and two hundred and thirty-four mem-
bers; and in 1850, thirty-four states and
two hundred and thirty-four members. Vir-
ginia was created an independent state in
1863, and Nevada and Nebraska were ad-
mitted to the union subsequent to the ap-
pointment, making a total at present of thirty-
seven states and two hundred and forty-three
representatives, distributed as follows:

State	Members
Alabama	6
Arkansas	3
California	5
Connecticut	3
Delaware	1
Florida	1
Georgia	7
Illinois	14
Indiana	11
Iowa	6
Kansas	3
Kentucky	3
Louisiana	3
Maine	2
Maryland	3
Massachusetts	9
Michigan	6
Minnesota	2
Missouri	9
Montana	3
Nebraska	3
Nevada	3
New Hampshire	3
New Jersey	3
New York	11
North Carolina	7
Ohio	19
Oklahoma	3
Pennsylvania	24
Rhode Island	2
South Carolina	3
Tennessee	3
Texas	3
Vermont	2
Virginia	3
Washington	3
West Virginia	3</